

## Ladies' Department.

## POETRY.

For the Farmer and Mechanic.  
The Bachelor's Lament.

They tell me to hasten and marry—  
But ah! 'tis the cost that I fear;  
And pudence still warns me to tarry,  
Ere seeking amusement so dear.

O! there's rapture unmeasured in wooing,  
And sweet the confession when won;  
But the house-keeping horrors, pursuing,  
Are sure to make sentiment run.

Thus I mused to other night, as fair  
Chloe  
Swam round in the dance by my side;  
I must furnish that wardrobe so showy.  
If rashly I make her my bride,

That slim, fairy foot and its fellow,  
That tread the light measure so gay,  
Must with satin be shod, and prunella,  
And husband the piper must pay.

At glimpse of that ancle so slender,  
Hid the dear bargain would close;  
With my head bids me, ere I surrender,  
Remember the price of the hose.

That hand, so desired beyond measure,  
The suitor, who ventures to hold,  
Could only secure such a treasure  
By hooping the fingers with gold.

Though made up of roses, that face is,  
Such roses bloom not in the sun;  
We must veil them with best of point  
laces,  
Or freckles will soon overrun.

Sweetest mouth that e'er smiled upon  
mortal  
Hides organs of hunger within;  
And dainties must pass the red portal,  
Or soon cherry lips will grow thin.

That form richest fabrics must cumber  
With many a garment of show;  
And with doubtless of others a number  
That bachelors never may know.

That brow, the fair temple where towers  
High honor in marble enshrined,  
Must be thatched with straw, feathers  
and flowers,  
To keep out the sun and the wind.

Those tresses, ensnaring allurers!  
With fillets of gold we must bind;  
Those ears must be fed with bravuras,  
And hung with the jewels of Ind.

Strange! that man should embellish a  
creature  
Already more fair than the morn:  
That the being most gifted by Nature  
Is the one we most love to adorn.

Why was Eden so pleasant to Adam—  
So rid of connubial ills?  
Because his ingenious Madam  
Ne'er bored him with milliners' bills.

No bonnets had she for her tresses—  
No silks did her person enroll;  
So cheap were her costliest dresses  
For a fig one had purchased the whole.

Ah! that was the season to marry,  
Ere fashion made woman her thrall,  
Her trumpery garments to carry—  
Yes! clothes are the curse of the fall.

## The Way of Life.

## AT THIRTY.

Five hundred dollars I have saved—  
A rather moderate store—  
No matter; I shall be content  
When I've a little more.

## AT FORTY.

Well, I can count ten thousand now—  
That's better than before;  
And I may be well satisfied  
When I've a little more.

## AT FIFTY.

Some fifty thousand—pretty well—  
But I have earned it sore;  
However, I shall not complain  
When I've a little more!

## AT SIXTY.

One hundred thousand—sick and old—  
Ah! life is half a bore!  
Yet I can be content to live  
When I've a little more!

## AT SEVENTY.

He dies—and to his greedy heirs  
He leaves a countless store;  
His wealth has purchased him a tomb—  
And very little more!

## The Guard Around the Tomb.

## Air—Die Wacht am Rhein.

What is this solemn sound we hear?  
It breaks upon a nation's ear  
Like ocean's sob upon the shore,  
The wail of storm whose wrath is o'er.  
From proud Virginia's mountains  
grand  
It swells through all our Southern land.  
A country mourning o'er its slain,  
Who gave their lives, and not in vain,  
Since in its heart their memory blooms  
Fresh as the flowers upon their tombs.  
Their toil is o'er, their labors cease,  
In war they died, but died for peace.  
They bravely fought and nobly fell,  
And Fame their glorious deeds shall  
tell;  
When she decrees a crown of Bay  
No power on earth her hand can stay;  
And on these graves a wreath is laid—  
No storm can change, no time can  
fade.

Where she has placed this deathless  
crown  
Let woman cast her roses down,  
And Love and Fame forever stand  
A guard of honor, hand in hand,  
Around these graves where heroes lie  
Who fought for right, nor feared to  
die.

[Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke.]

## Cream.

"Large heart," says O. W. Holmes,  
"never loved little cream-pot." It is  
curious how we will sometimes read a  
book and enjoy and approve it, and  
yet carry away in one's memory only  
one sentence to recur again and again  
in after years. The above I remember  
from one of Dr. Holmes' best books.  
He describes a summer tea-drinking  
given by a notable widow who knew  
a thing or two besides how to dress.  
She knew, for instance, how to set a  
tea-table. She knew that the effect  
must be light and delicate as well as  
appetizing. No fried ham nor heavy  
biscuit, nor sad-colored preserves for  
her; but the lightest and crispest of  
wafers, snowy bread, golden-brown  
waffles, amber-hued honey, and so  
forth and so on, crowning the delicious  
preparations with a noble pitcher of  
richest cream. The widow's tea-party  
was entirely successful, as it deserved  
to be; "for," says the Doctor, "large  
heart never loved little cream-pot."

Mrs. K. says if you want good coffee  
"put in the cream." Now it is very  
wonderful to me that so many other-  
wise good house-keepers, are ignorant  
of the virtues of cream in coffee.  
How many a hospitable table have I  
sat down at, covered with good things  
bountifully provided, and then been  
made to shudder at the sight of a great  
coffee cup full of muddy black liquid,  
tinged a greenish brown by the addition  
of skim-milk!—no more like Mrs. K's  
generous, golden, fragrant  
nectar, than shadow is like substance.  
"Take another cup," says, the hospita-  
ble matron, at the head of the table.  
"No, I thank you; not any more,"  
says the unhappy guest, who wonders  
in secret why it is that on a farm  
where three or four cows are daily  
milked, no cream can be spared for  
the table? Some good women appear  
to think its sinful waste and extrava-  
gance to use cream for any purpose  
but to make butter. It is sacrilege to  
break the cream on a pan of milk.  
May be if the milk was richer, and if  
there was more of it, their hearts  
would expand. There is not much  
cream going in North Carolina. I was  
on a small farm in New Jersey, where,  
every morning were twenty great pans  
of milk to be skimmed, and the same  
at night. Only three or four cows  
were milked. I could not get over  
that spectacle. Nothing like it had  
ever greeted my eyes in North Caroli-  
na; and yet it was but a small farm,  
and a small dairy. Here, we live, in  
one of the first States of the Union—  
climate and soil, in many respects,  
unparalleled—no reason to be given  
why we should not fare as well as any  
people on the face of the globe, and  
live on cream if we choose. But  
cream is, perhaps, one of the rarest  
articles seen on our farmers' tables,—  
nor are we celebrated for our butter  
and cheese, after all.

Now, I believe in cream, and I be-  
lieve in having enough of it for our  
coffee; that is, I believe in having a  
good article; I believe in having the  
best, when Providence puts it within  
our reach, and I believe in enjoying it  
after we get it. I call it a wretched,  
skin-flint economy that keeps a poor  
scrawny breed of cattle, when a little  
pains and wise expenditure would en-  
rich the country with an improved  
stock. A cow that gives three gallons  
of milk will not eat any more than  
one that gives three pints, and is dry  
one-third of the time besides. I call  
it poor economy that refuses to go in  
for grasses and clover, but turns the  
cows out to waste your own or your  
neighbor's woodlands, in a vain en-  
deavor to make milk out of leaf-buds  
and wild grass. And I call it a pitiful  
sort of thrift that refuses to enjoy, or  
knows not how to distribute in wise  
proportion, whatever of the best it  
may be that God has given it.

Let us all have more cream. North  
Carolina has used skim-milk too long,  
and she hasn't made a fortune at but-  
ter, either; and even if she made fir-  
kins and firkins of butter, I still con-  
tend for cream elsewhere than in the  
churn. I contend for more generosity  
and fullness in all our ways. We  
ought to give more than we do.  
There's very little cream in our benevo-  
lences and public expenditures and  
charities. We spent \$70,000 on a Peni-  
tentiary—where our rogues are board-  
ed and lodged at public expense—and  
we let our orphans cry for bread from  
door to door. This is skim-milk go-  
ings. We have got the best Governor  
the State has ever had,—the best Gov-  
ernor and the best loved Governor,—  
and we refuse to give him and his fam-  
ily a house to live in at the Capitol,  
and quarrel over the question of build-  
ing, or buying, or repairing, in the  
pitifullest and meanest way, as if the  
expense was awful. This is the bluest  
of skim-milk. We have got a State  
University to be proud of, but which  
is not able to do us half the good it  
would, because we refuse to endow it,  
and would think if we gave it ten  
thousand dollars we would be bank-  
rupt. Skim-milk again, where ought  
to be the richest golden cream. What  
great hospitals, or refuges for the sick  
or worn-out, or aged, have we? What

great enterprises to warm the hearts  
and stir the blood of our people, and  
fire their imaginations and open their  
purses, and so set the State spinning  
along fresh groves towards wealth  
and honor? We live on skim-milk  
when we might have cream. In fact,  
we don't know the taste of cream; we  
think skim-milk is all right. We are  
like the Boston little girl who went  
into the country and seeing for the  
first time a pan of milk covered with  
cream, cried out: "O, the nasty yellow  
stuff; 'tain't half as nice as our pretty  
blue Boston milk."

Let us have more cream, and let us  
hand it round liberally. "Large heart  
never loved little cream-pot."

C. P. S.

NEWBERN, May 6th, '78.

MR. EDITOR: That was a happy  
hit of Mrs. Spencer's at us all for  
crowding our minds into No. 7s, when  
we ought to expand them, and I could  
not help wishing I could send her ar-  
ticle to every man and woman in our  
State; outsiders always bring the  
charge of "being behind the times,"  
against North Carolina. You hear it  
as soon as you cross the line both ways,  
and too often it is true. Reverence  
for what our grand-mothers bequeath-  
ed us is very well and very proper, if  
we don't, as Mrs. Spencer says, cramp  
our minds in order to prove our re-  
spect for past errors, which the light  
of the present age shows to be such.  
When Franklin first induced King  
George, of England, to have lightning  
rods put on his palace, there was a  
great hue and cry that they were but  
the device of a rebel to draw the elec-  
tric fluid down for the destruction of  
the King and his court; and quite as  
sensible a clamor is often raised in  
these days against things simply be-  
cause they are new. But in nothing  
do we so persistently cramp our intel-  
lect as in our religious beliefs, and I  
have thought more than once of Mrs.  
Spencer's No. 7s, while reading a con-  
troversy, in our city papers, between  
Rev. Mr. Vass, of the Presbyterian  
church, and a correspondent who  
signs himself or herself "Charity,"  
growing out of a lecture on Romanism,  
delivered during the late session of  
Orange Presbytery by the Rev. H. B.  
Pratt, who had resided for twelve  
years in South America. I heard the  
lecture, and could see nothing unchari-  
table in its spirit. I do not think any  
educated Catholic would have been  
wounded, though he might have been  
amused by some of the utterances.  
There was nothing either disrespect-  
ful or unkind in his remarks; he said  
piety took a peculiarly beautiful form  
in Catholics, and that many of them  
were well versed in the Scripture, and  
could quote it pertinently; yet, at the  
same time, he told us that the Bible  
was denied to the laity. He spoke of  
the doctrine of transubstantiation, and  
represented it fairly, as he did that of  
intercession of Saints; but when he  
came to the worship of the Virgin, he  
reminded me of the sailor in Peter  
Simple, who said the Spaniards called  
the four decker, which Nelson en-  
gaged with at the battle of Trafalgar,  
the "Holy Trinity" because they count-  
ed the Virgin as "one of them—and  
greater than the other three." In  
speaking of the Priests and their  
power, he said: "If you ask me if  
they are generally bad men? I say,  
emphatically, no." Personally they  
are not bad men. They only devote  
their whole powers to sustaining a bad  
system and a corrupt church. He was  
a Presbyterian minister lecturing in a  
Presbyterian church, and representing  
Roman Catholicism to his hearers, as  
it appeared to him, in an earnest, im-  
pressive and gentlemanly way. It  
was only to be regretted that he had  
crowded a mind fit for No. 10s into  
No. 7s, by taking the belief of igno-  
rant Catholics as the faith of the  
church itself. I spent many years  
among just such people as he de-  
scribed, Spanish American, and know  
he did not overdraw the picture when  
he said that many of them worshipped  
the images of the Saints and the Vir-  
gin with downright idolatry, but then  
that is not the teaching of their  
church, any more than it is the teach-  
ing of the Episcopal church, as has  
been represented by the ignorant, that  
the Holy Ghost comes out of the ends  
of the Bishop's finger, when he lays  
his hand in confirmation on the heads  
of the candidates. My Mexican wash-  
er woman once came to me to get fifty  
cents extra, because she would have  
no clear water next week, to do *El*  
*Capitán's* shirt, unless Senora would  
help her pay for prayers, to avert the  
impending calamity of the San Pedro  
creek being drunk dry by the camels  
that the United States government had  
just imported for propagation in New  
Mexico. I had a Scotch housekeeper  
at the time, the bluest of Presbyteri-  
ans, who was horrified at the "benighted  
ignorance of the heathen." Yet the  
very next week I was roused in the  
middle of the night by an earnest  
call from this woman to hand her the  
Bible she had left on my bureau to  
put under her head and keep the  
witches off! A truly pious and con-

sistent member of the Episcopal  
church, as far as her lights went, once  
came and begged the leaves of one of  
the children's school testaments, that  
had been accidentally torn, to bind on  
her arm for rheumatism. She said  
she did not like to tear one out of the  
Bible for the purpose, for that would  
be a sin, but as it was torn she knew  
it would do her good to wear it. It is  
not a month since I heard here in  
North Carolina, that there was, with-  
in ten miles of Newbern, a Baptist  
church called the Split Bonnets, who  
held that Jesus Christ has ordered  
split bonnets to be worn by men and  
women at the communion. Now,  
would not any one say we were cramp-  
ing our minds into No. 7s if we gath-  
ered from these three ignorant people  
the doctrines of the Presbyterian,  
Episcopal, and Baptist churches? Cer-  
tainly they would; yet the Catholic  
faith is judged just as unfairly by  
those who say it makes the Virgin  
equal with God, or teaches idolatry of  
images and pictures. Let us of all  
things put our minds and hearts into  
No. 10s, when we come to judge the  
religion of our neighbor, for on no  
other subject are men so sensitive, and  
no other requires to be judged so sym-  
pathetically to be rightly judged.  
Renan says, "to judge a faith, one  
must have professed and abandoned  
it." I cannot go quite so far as that,  
but I do say that "every religion is  
most fairly represented from the inside,  
and is best understood when studied  
sympathetically" and we have no right  
to judge a religion except from its  
authorized teachings. We may ex-  
press our opinions as to how these  
teachings may be mistaken, and thus  
lead to error, and, as a minister in one  
of the pulpits of his own church, Mr.  
Pratt had a right, if he thought it best  
to do so, to warn against the error in-  
to which any tenet of the church of  
Rome, or any other church might lead  
in his opinion, but, with all due de-  
fence, I cannot think he was right in  
saying that Roman Catholics are  
taught that the Virgin is equal  
with the Father. Any educated Catho-  
lic will deny this teaching, and avow  
as distinctly that they are taught that  
they eat the real body of Christ in the  
consecrated wafer and that a miracle  
is wrought whenever it is blessed by  
the priest; all of which was duly set  
forth in the lecture. "Charity" thinks  
it was a startling fact that their dis-  
tinguished moderator fell from his  
position (and died) while they were  
preparing to train their guns upon  
the venerable old mother of all the  
churches.

I confess I cannot see any connection  
between the two things, and think Mr.  
Vass rather "got" his unknown opo-  
nent on that point.

I wish Miss S. B. C. and the other  
young ladies would put on their think-  
ing caps and collect as many North  
Carolina poems and writings suitable  
for declamation as they can find and  
forward them to Major John G. James  
Principal of Military Institute, Austin,  
Texas, who is preparing a "Speaker"  
for the use of Southern schools, and  
wants our State fairly represented by  
her sons and daughters. The book  
will be published by A. S. Barnes &  
Co., New York. I wish it was by E.  
J. Hale & Son, but if we can't have a  
North Carolina publisher we can have  
North Carolina well represented in its  
pages if we will only take the trouble  
to do so.

M. B. C.

DEAR MRS. S.: Can you, or any of  
the sisters, give me candid advice as  
to the best sewing machine? I have  
been using either the Howe or Singer  
for several years. I find them both  
too heavy. Will anybody who has  
tried it recommend the Wilcox and  
Gibbs, and say its stitches will not  
ravel? I know it is the lightest, but  
can there not be some new make that  
combines the advantages of these old  
ones which have been so long before  
the public? Any reliable and practi-  
cal information will be thankfully re-  
ceived by

M. A.

## Education and Pay.

We do not believe that any man pos-  
sessed of ordinary common sense or  
intelligence for a moment desires to  
withhold education in its broadest  
sense from women. On the contrary,  
there is everything to prove that there  
is abroad in all civilized communities  
an earnest desire to give to them every  
possible educational advantage. But  
while there exists this disposition to  
do the fair thing, and help them as  
plentifully as their hearts can desire to  
any of the fruits and flowers of litera-  
ture, when it comes down to the mat-  
ter of dollar and cent compensation  
for service rendered, a broad and most  
unjust line of distinction is drawn be-  
tween the two sexes. This is especial-  
ly noticeable in the difference between  
the pay of male and female teachers  
in the public schools. Why a thor-  
oughly competent lady teacher who  
gives instruction to a class of girls  
should receive a salary scarcely more  
than half that paid to a male teacher  
of no higher acquirements, and whose  
duties are not any more satisfactorily  
or efficiently discharged, is one of the  
problems of the hour.—*Evening Star.*

## Chronic Wakefulness: Its Causes and Cure.

BY EDWIN TEMPLE.

Sleep and digestion are the two most  
important functions of the human  
body, and one is just as liable to de-  
rangement as the other. People com-  
plain of poor digestion; why should  
they not complain of poor sleep? It  
is not an unusual occurrence to read  
in the papers of some distinguished  
individual who is suffering from some  
form of chronic wakefulness. It would  
seem that the excitement of our age  
was very favorable to this complaint.  
To those unacquainted with the causes  
of this disease, it may seem nothing  
very serious, something very easy to  
be remedied, a little medicine for a  
while and all will be right. But when  
the complaint remains, in spite of a  
continued use of medicine, and with-  
out any other known disease, the  
cause of it becomes a matter of great  
interest. If the doctor is consulted,  
he will prescribe for the case, but may  
not give the desired information. Now  
the physiology and conditions under  
which we get the best and the most  
sleep are not easily determined. The  
lady who does as she pleases, and  
when she likes, is not often troubled  
for the want of sleep, while her hard-  
working sister finds it almost impos-  
sible to get the little rest she needs. It  
is generally supposed that those who  
take the most exercise get the best  
sleep; but such is not always the fact.  
The lady is not wakeful because she  
does not overheat her head in the per-  
formance of her work. I have known  
many obstinate cases of wakefulness  
caused by overheating the head—un-  
consciously, perhaps—over the cook  
stove or in the hot sun; the individ-  
ual complains that she cannot go to  
sleep till late, and if she has to get up  
early in the morning, as many a house-  
wife has to do, she complains after a  
while of great dullness and inability  
to work.

Women are more subject to wake-  
fulness than men, as they are kept  
awake by crying babies, and if any of  
the family are sick it is expected that  
they attend to every want by night  
and day. The habit of sleeping little  
becomes fixed, and the circulating part  
of the head weakened, making it al-  
most impossible to obtain rest, and  
the case ends with a total loss of sleep,  
or the person dies from an inflamma-  
tion or congestion of the head. The  
fact has been demonstrated by Dr.  
Hammond, and other medical men,  
that wakefulness is due to an increased  
amount of blood in the brain. The  
patient may not be conscious of this,  
beyond a feeling of dullness and an  
inability to express himself readily;  
yet the fact can be proved if he will  
observe all the occasional causes of  
wakefulness.

The plan of treatment varies accord-  
ing to causes. If the person is sleep-  
less from mental excitement and over-  
study, it is certain the blood should be  
called away to other parts of the body  
by suitable exercise and avoidance of  
disturbing agents; but if, on the other  
hand, the wakefulness proceeds from  
overwork in the heat, day after day,  
until the powers of sleep are weaken-  
ed, it is plain that a different course  
must be adopted. Although in per-  
sons of a full habit, bleeding is recom-  
mended, yet a spare diet, and but lit-  
tle exercise will, after a while, reduce  
the amount of blood in the system to  
a healthy equilibrium. The patient  
should avoid violent and long contin-  
ued exercise, especially in the heat,  
and also exposure to severe cold, for  
when the exterior of the body is ex-  
posed to cold, the blood is driven into  
the interior vessels. Another point is  
to keep the bowels and pores of the  
skin open. Suppression of sweat is a  
frequent cause of wakefulness in the  
autumn season. Above all, sleep as  
long as you can. More are injured by  
too little than by too much sleep.

Dr. Cuyler writes of a student who  
says: "I shall never forget the fearful  
earnestness with which a beloved col-  
lege instructor warned me on my de-  
parture for Andover, to beware of re-  
fusing to take too much sleep. Said  
he: 'When I was at Andover I would  
often sit up all night to study, and my  
usual custom was never to go to bed  
before two in the morning. What has  
been the consequences? Nature has  
taken her revenge; for the past ten  
years I have never known what it is  
to be sleepy, save when under the in-  
fluence of drugs, and you know how  
I have been crippled by broken  
health.' This is only an instance of  
many similar cases, and should teach  
us caution.

## Discussed in New York Society.

We extract the following from the  
last "Fashionable News" letter of  
Jenny June:

The case of Mrs. Southern, the Geor-  
gia woman, who, excited by jealousy,  
stabbed a woman to death, who had  
tried for years to step between herself  
and the man who was her lover and  
afterwards her husband, has excited a  
great deal of interest among wom-  
en here at the North, and many and  
heated have been the discussions as  
to the amount of criminality involved  
in the deed.

At a recent ladies' lunch party where  
the subject was discussed, it was a  
little curious to find how much sym-  
pathy was felt for the murderer, and  
how largely she was exonerated in  
the minds of nearly every married wo-  
man present. The argument was  
simply this: that the devotion of the  
husband since the act of killing, the  
other woman shows clearly that he  
dearly loved his wife, and that it was  
only his gallantry, his vanity, his  
*amour propre* that were enlisted on  
the side of her unscrupulous rival,  
who evidently pursued every advan-  
tage regardless of honor, decency and  
loyalty to her sex, or consideration for  
the feelings of a wife and prospective  
mother.

For this kind of wickedness in wom-  
en there is no punishment. The law  
does not recognize it, and the un-  
fortunate wife is utterly at the mercy  
of a man who is impelled by his vani-  
ty to parade his influence over other  
women. This wretched woman was  
driven to desperation there is no  
doubt, and so common is the cause,  
which impelled her to the fearful  
act, it is surprising terrible scenes are  
not more frequently enacted on this  
account.

## NURSERY.

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## ORNAMENTAL

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Larger orders, daily express.Plans of grounds carefully prepared  
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C. B. DENSON  
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## TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

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